Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forsweare him, or else wee are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio?*
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio?*
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Bianeas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,

Out

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
Kate. Husband let's follow to see the en
Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and wee will.
Kate. What in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?
Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Com
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now
Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the P
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio,
The seruingmen with Tranio
in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring n
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfe same kindnesse welcome
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing *Widdo*
Feast with the best, and welcome to my hou
My banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you sit d
For now wee sit to chat as well as eate.
Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate a
Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindnesse son
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what
Hor. For both our sakes I would that w
Pet. Now for my life *Hortensio* feares h
Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affear
Petr. Youare very sensible, and yet you

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